Connelly Springs Nov 30 1891

Dear Bro Peter, and sister Ann

Alex has already made you acquainted with the sad news, that his dear father has gone to his rest. This was a lovely morning, every thing was dazzling in the sun shine. having been sprinkled plentifully yesterday, with spotless snow. The world was glorious in its mantle of snowy white sparkling in the sunshine as we bore our dear one to his last resting place. Our hearts are sad, sad and lonely. but, its is the will of the Lord, and let us say from our hearts: "Thy will be done". Our dear one suffered intensely during his sickness, but, thank the Lord we were enabled not to let him suffer long at a time.

when the hot applications fail-
ed to relieve, we gave him his
rest medicine which always
relieved within about 15 or
20 minutes and put him to
sleep. We had one doctor in
constant attendance whom
he loved, a good christian as
well as a good physician and
another, a northern man, con-
sidered the very best in the coun-
try in consultation, besides
another who came in place of
our regular doctor on one oc-
casion, but all was of no avail.
He has been evidently failing
for the last year or two, and
the last few weeks sunk stead-
ily and rapidly. Dear Bro
Peter, your last letter so kind and
so brotherly, and welcome as all your
letters were, came too late for our dear

one to hear it read. he knew of
it however. "So kind," he said
but he was not able to hear it read.
You all know how tender hearted
he was, and it agitated him
much, to speak or hear of the
dear absent ones. The last
time we knelt in audible
prayer at his bedside, dear
Alex led, not knowing whether
he could understand. but
he responded with a fervent
Amen, adding "My darlings.
my darlings. be near them, oh!
be near them." These were the
last words we could be sure
he was quite himself. Dur-
ing the last three days his
mind was clouded, and more
and more stupefied with the
poison in his blood. His end
was peaceful and calm as
the fading of a summer day:

Dear Margaret's beautiful letter
he was not able to hear, but
responded as usual "So kind"
when told of it. Dear Ann
and dear Margaret, you know
how to sympathize with me.
Pray for us both that we may
be kept and guided. and
that he "may ever be near us"
till we all meet around the throne
of the Beloved. Praised be His
Holy name. The grave in which
Jesus was laid, Has buried my
guilt and my fears. And when
I contemplate its shade. The light
of His presence appears. How often
our dear one quoted these lines
in speaking to others and di-
recting them. so earnestly to the
fountain where all of us must
go for cleansing and for life.
May the Good Lord keep us
every one unto his Kingdoms and
glory. Your Affte Sister. H. Stewart.